

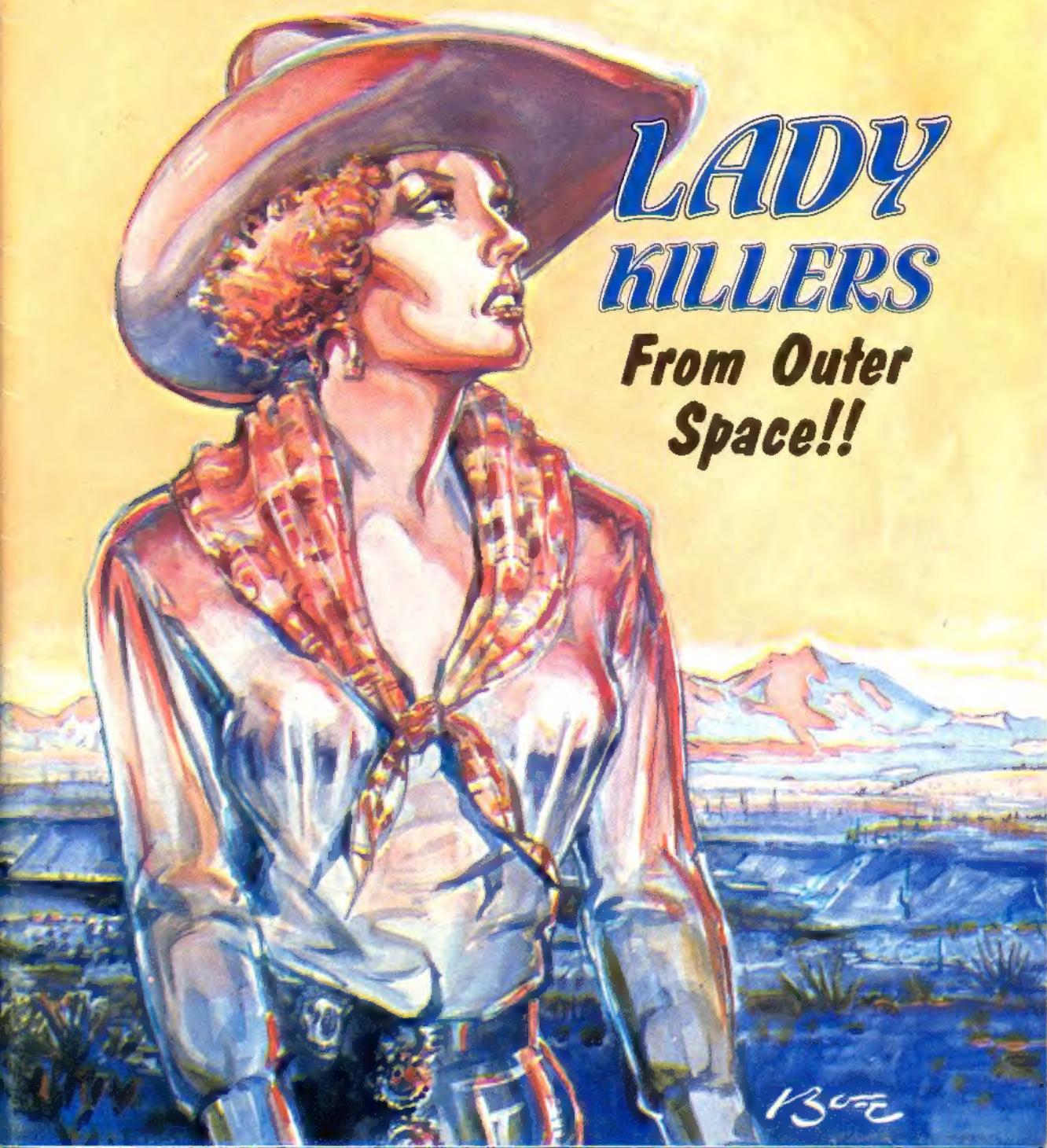
No. 2

\$1.75

# Honkytonk Sue

THE QUEEN OF COUNTRY SWING

**LADY  
KILLERS**  
**From Outer  
Space!!**



From Deep in The Heart of Arizona.....

# COUNTRY ROCKIN'

## WESTERN SWING



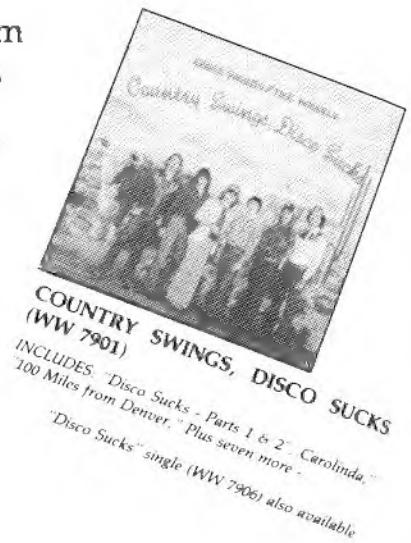
### Chuck Wagon and the Wheels

Both albums available from  
**Wagon Track Records**  
Tucson

For information concerning mail orders  
wholesales and bookings, contact:  
**Wagon Tracks Records**  
4632 E. 24th St.  
Tucson, Ariz. 85711  
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CHUCK WAGON AND THE WHEELS  
(WW 7804)  
INCLUDES: "My Girl Passed Out in Her Food," "Dance  
Tonite," "You Only Love Me When You're Drunk,"  
plus seven more.



COUNTRY SWINGS, DISCO SUCKS  
(WW 7901)  
INCLUDES: "Disco Sucks - Parts 1 & 2," "Carolinda,"  
"100 Miles from Denver," plus seven more.  
'Disco Sucks' single (WW 7906) also available

# Honkytonk Sue

## PART ONE

They came from deep in the  
cosmos armed with a  
computer called pig and a  
pack of laser lines.....

# Lady Killers From Outer Space

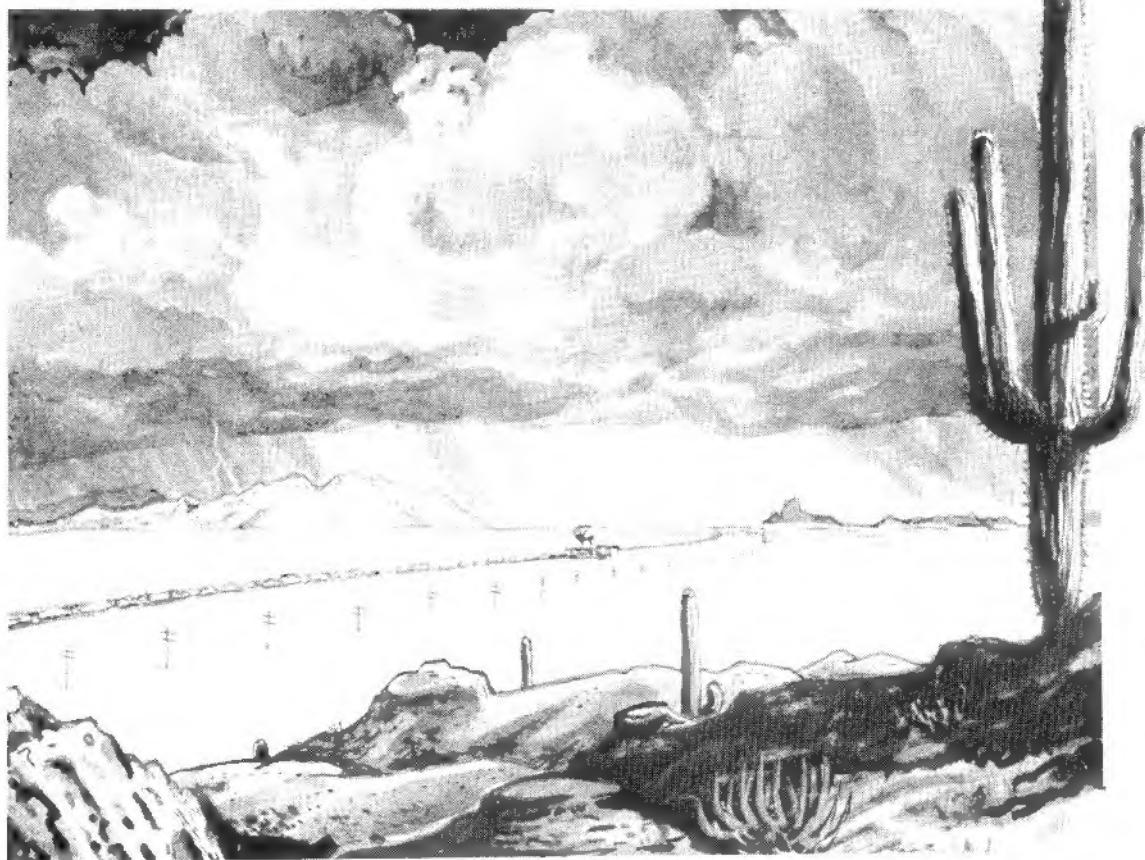
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*This book is dedicated to Louise Guess and her five daughters; Sadie Pearl, Mary, Bobbie, Patsy and Jean, who more than anyone embody the spirit of Honkytonk Sue.*

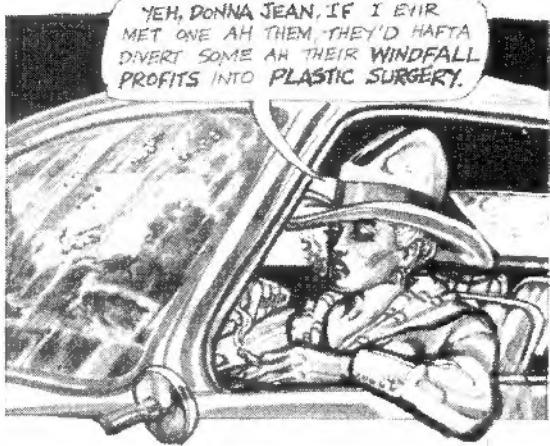
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reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part  
without written permission from the author. Any similarity  
to real people, places and things in fiction and semi-fiction is  
obvious and any damn fool could see that.

Sue and Donna Jean are on their way to a rodeo dance in Sonoita. As a summer monsooner spreads out east and west of Picacho Peak they are waiting it out in a long gas line.....



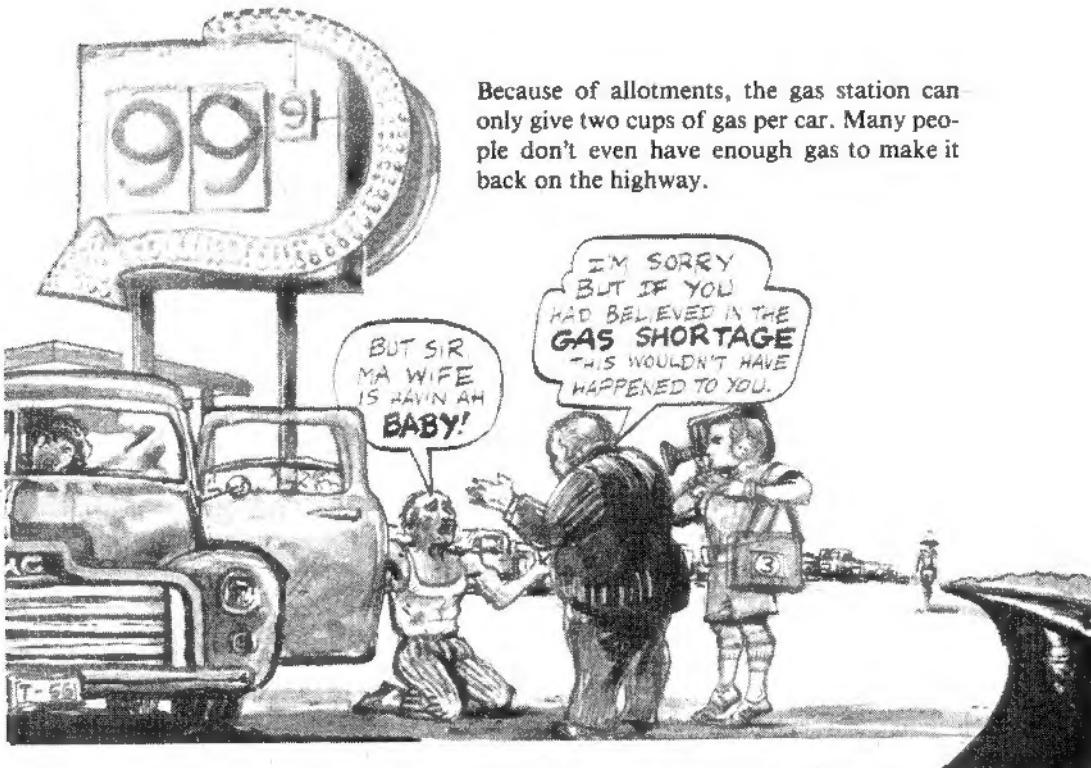
YEH, DONNA JEAN, IF I EVIR  
MET ONE AH THEM, THEY'D HAFTA  
DIVERT SOME AH THEIR WINDFALL  
PROFITS INTO PLASTIC SURGERY.



HI FOLKS AS CHAIRMAN OF  
UNITED CONGLOM OIL COMPANIES  
OF AMERICA, I'M HERE TO  
ASSURE YOU THAT THE GAS  
SHORATGE IS "REAL."



Because of allotments, the gas station can only give two cups of gas per car. Many people don't even have enough gas to make it back on the highway.



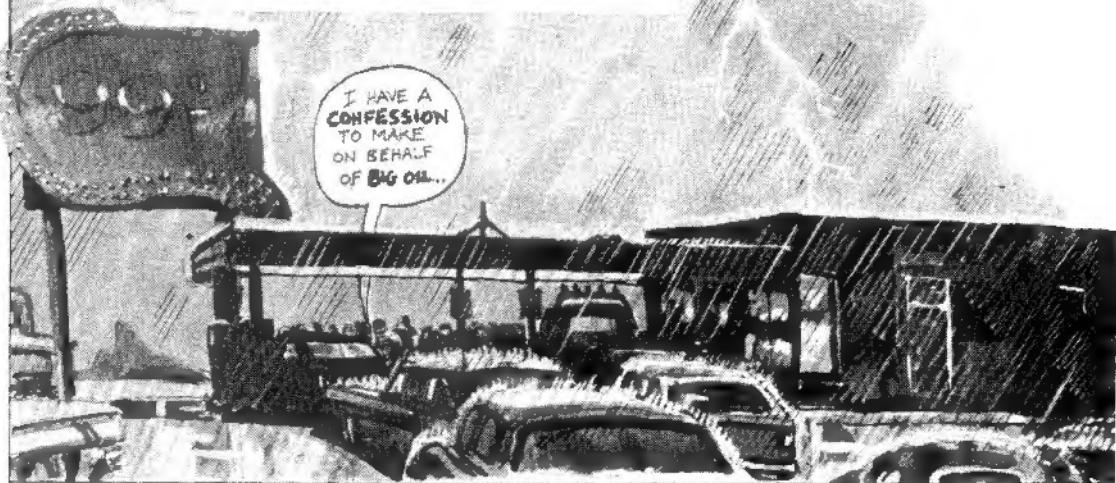
The president of Con Glom Oil is having a field day, but he doesn't notice the slim blond in the Stetson walking towards him...



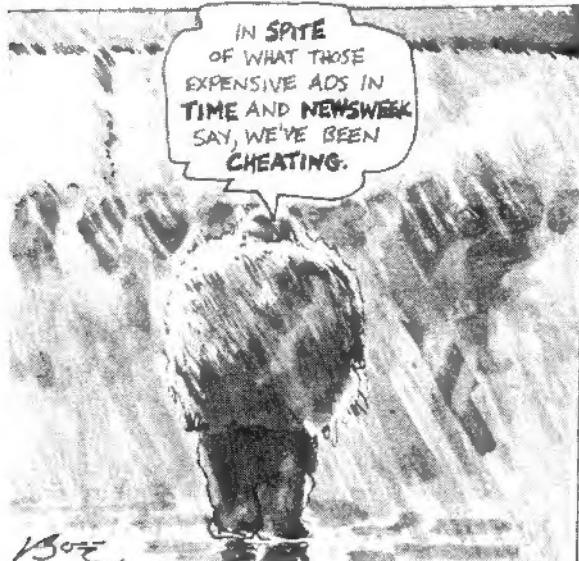
The people waiting in their cars suddenly come alive and let out their pent-up frustrations. President Carter would be proud of their unity.



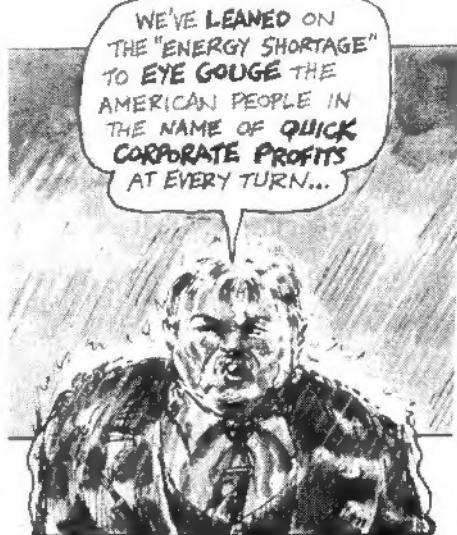
The summer monsooner sweeps across the station just as the head of Con Glom Oil begins to spill his guts...



...He admits to everything in the pouring rain, as the assembled motorists and Sue stand under the safety of the canopy...



It was very refreshing to finally hear someone connected with the oil industry actually tell the truth. Thanks Sue....



The summer monsooner passes as quickly as it came and the smell of wet creosote hangs in the cool air...



Inside the station, the head of Con Glom Oil, bawling like a baby, snot running down his upper lip, calls off the gas shortage.

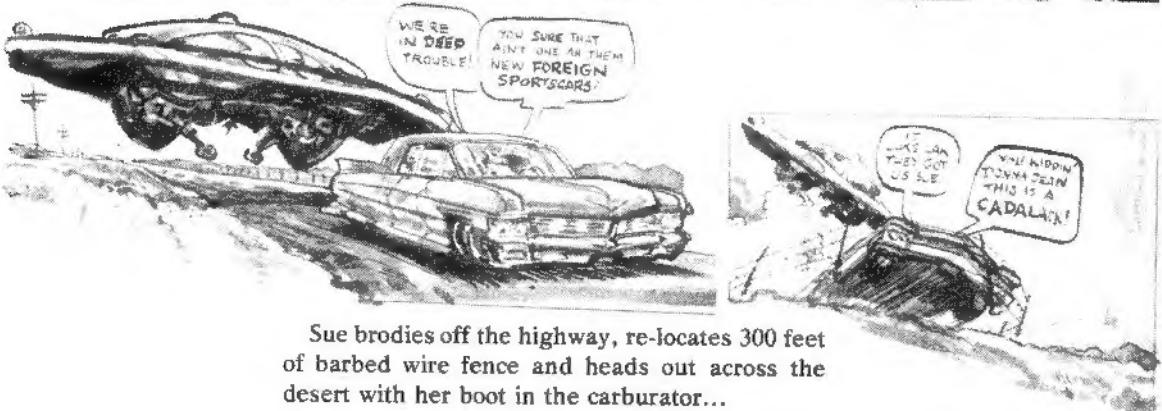


Within minutes huge sky tankers appear and gas up the cars "on the house." Each car also gets a free Blakely iced tea tumbler.



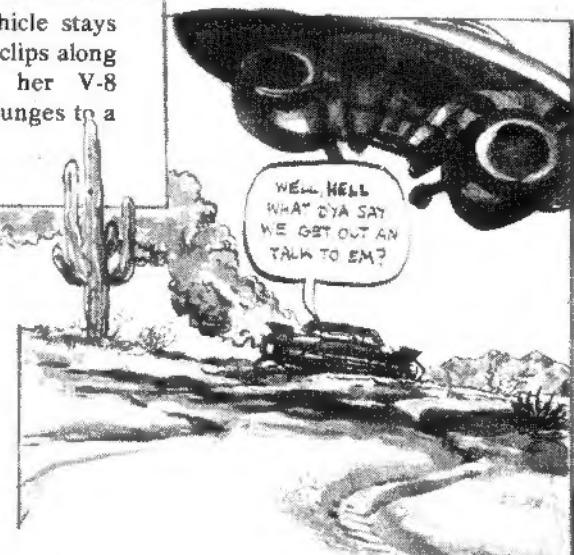
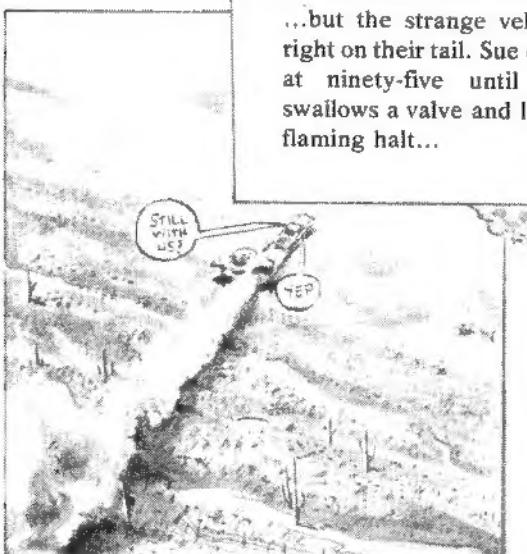
About ten minutes later is when it happened. A huge, mysterious craft appeared out of nowhere and loomed off Sue's back bumper...

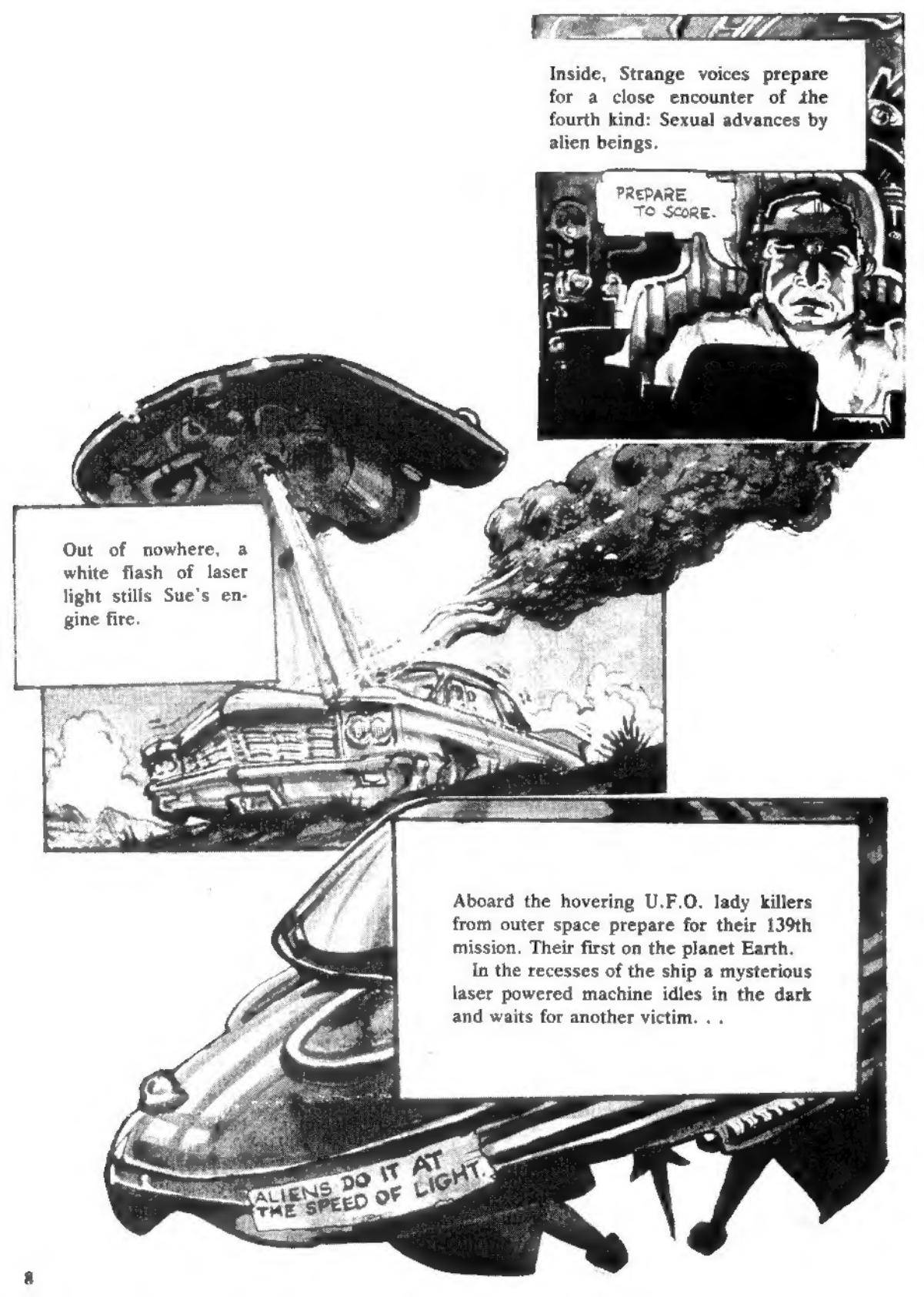




Sue brodies off the highway, re-locates 300 feet of barbed wire fence and heads out across the desert with her boot in the carburator...

...but the strange vehicle stays right on their tail. Sue clips along at ninety-five until her V-8 swallows a valve and lunges to a flaming halt...





Inside, Strange voices prepare for a close encounter of the fourth kind: Sexual advances by alien beings.

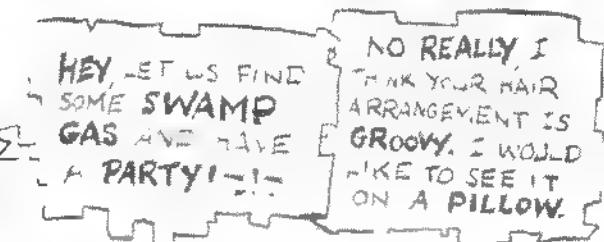
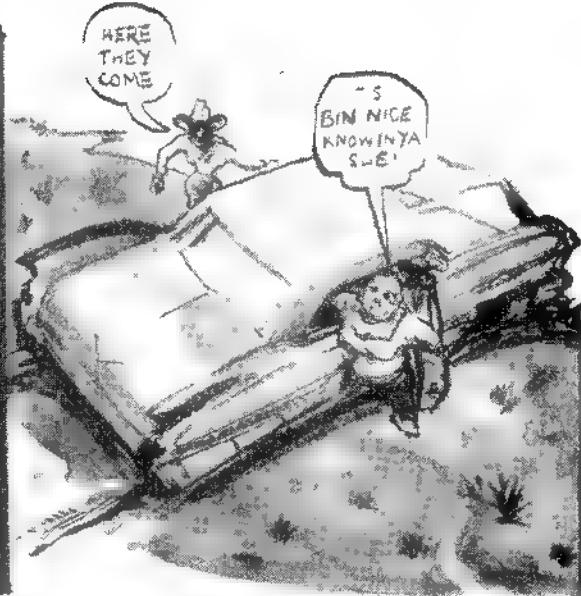
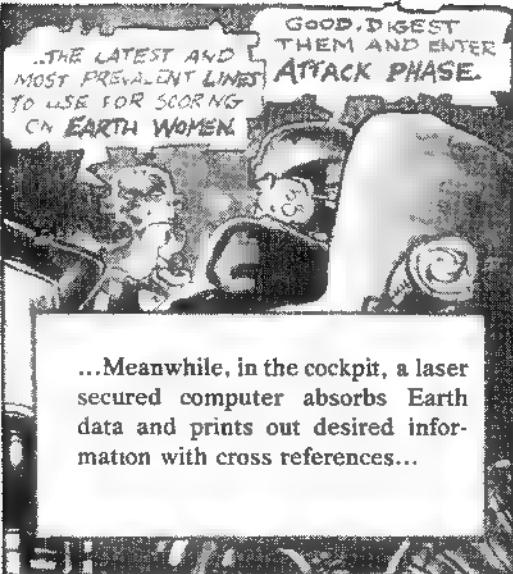
PREPARE TO SCORE.

Out of nowhere, a white flash of laser light stills Sue's engine fire.

Aboard the hovering U.F.O. lady killers from outer space prepare for their 139th mission. Their first on the planet Earth.

In the recesses of the ship a mysterious laser powered machine idles in the dark and waits for another victim. . .

ALIENS DO IT AT  
THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

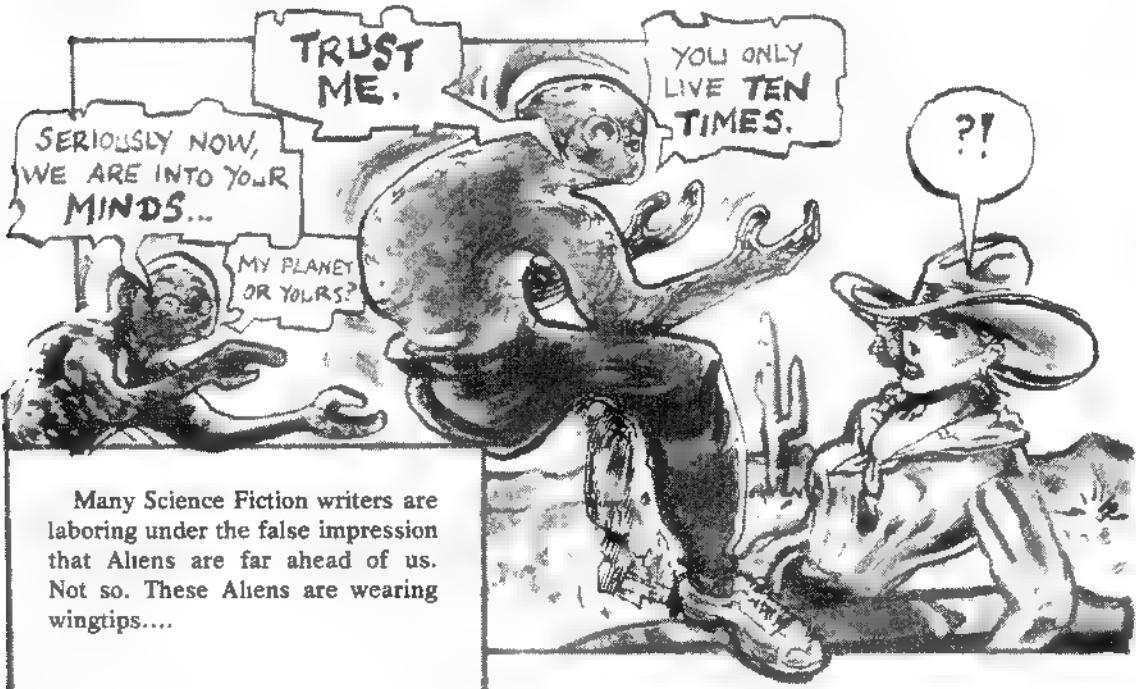


Advancing on Donna Jean, the Lady Killers from outer space bombard her with every line under the sun...



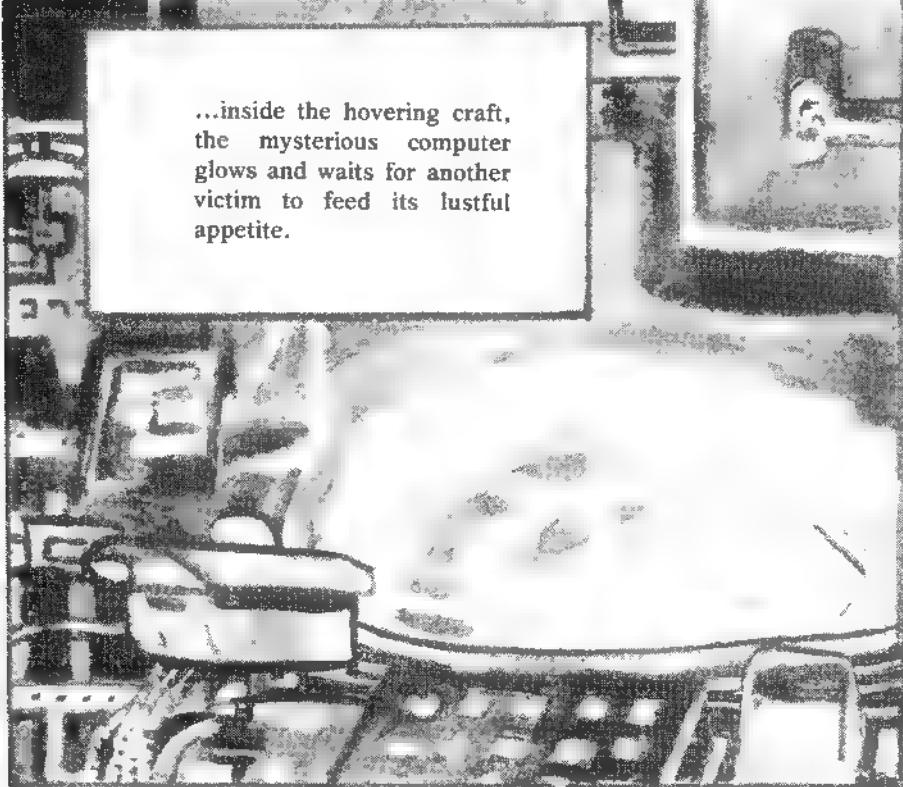


...and so the Aliens turn their attention to Sue...



Many Science Fiction writers are laboring under the false impression that Aliens are far ahead of us. Not so. These Aliens are wearing wingtips....

...inside the hovering craft, the mysterious computer glows and waits for another victim to feed its lustful appetite.



The full name of the strange Alien computer is E.I.E.I.O., but the martian crew calls the powerful machine by its nickname....

THE LASER PIG  
REQUESTS A STATUS  
REPORT SIR!

ATTACK PHASE  
IN PROGRESS.  
ENCOUNTERING  
USUAL FEMALE  
RESISTANCE! //



TOUCH ME  
AND I'LL KICK  
TH' LIVIN' SHIT  
OUTTA BOTH OF  
YA!!!



HEY, COME ON,  
EVERYBODY ELSE  
IN THE UNIVERSE  
IS DOING IT!!

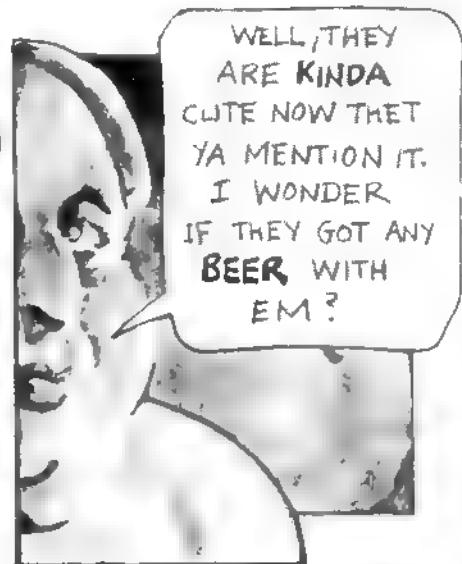
SERIOUSLY NOW,  
I WOULD NOT  
BUY A PAIR  
OF SURFACE  
WALKERS, WITHOUT  
TRYING THEM  
ON FIRST!!



Suddenly, there is a burst of laser light and Sue feels a warm flash in her lower stomach. The insides of her thighs begin to tingle....



The desert air is still now, except for the high pitched hum of the Alien spacecraft. The Lady Killers from outer space have taken Sue and Donna Jean aboard and for the moment have left them alone in a laser closet...



The strange computer called Laser Pig is hungry now and it appears that Sue and Donna Jean are on the menu...



WELCOME EARTH  
WOMEN, I  
MAY I GET  
YOU  
ANYTHING?

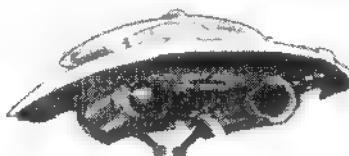
YEH, YOU  
GUYS GOT  
ANY BEER?

CERTAINLY.

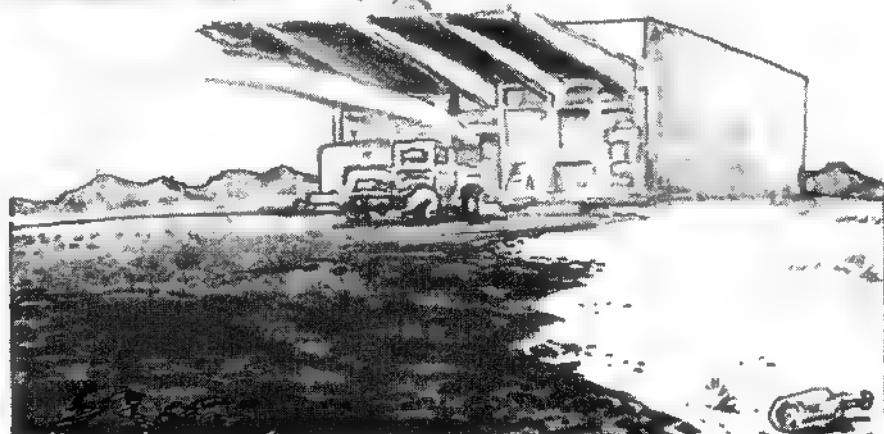
IT'S FREE.  
FIND OUT WHAT  
BEER IS, AND  
GET IT!

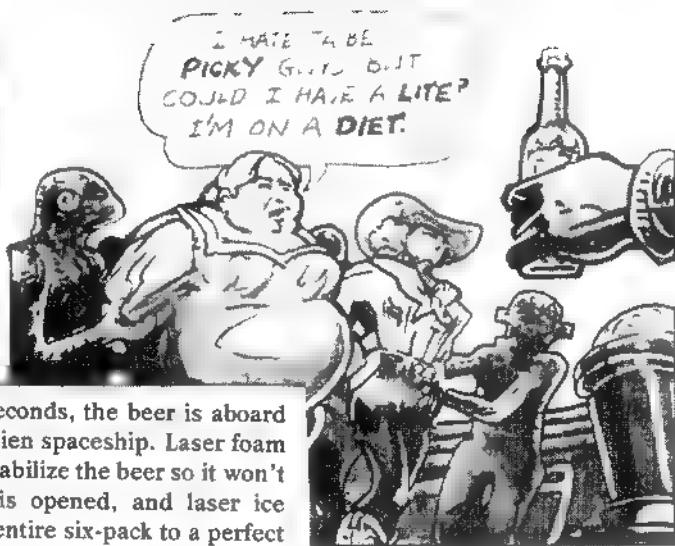


Instantly, the Laser Pig kicks into action. A split second cross reference into the cockpit computer defines and locates all the beer on the planet. Milli-seconds later, a white laser beam streaks across the sky....

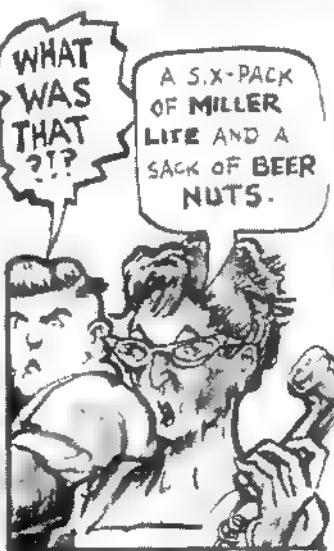


...and zeroes in on the beer  
case at a Circle K thirteen  
miles away....





...within five seconds, the beer is aboard the hovering Alien spaceship. Laser foam de-activators stabilize the beer so it won't foam when it is opened, and laser ice cubes cool the entire six-pack to a perfect 42°.



ANYONE  
FEELING  
AROUSED  
?!?



I THOUGHT  
YUD NEVIR  
ASK.



MAY I INTRODUCE  
YOU TO THE BEST LAY  
IN THE PHYSICAL  
UNIVERSE.

Somewhere, high above the Midwest, Aliens are putting the finishing moves on Honkytonk Sue.



1302

IT HAS THE POWER  
OF A HUNDRED  
EARTH ORGASMS

... BY GIVING YOURSELF  
TO ITS POWERS YOU WILL  
FEEL PLEASURE YOU  
NEVER KNEW EXISTED.



"A  
QUESTION



IF THIS MACHINE  
S SO DAMN GUD.  
WHY DON'T YA USE  
IT ON YERSELVES?



ARE YOU KIDDING  
LADY?! GREEN  
HAIRS WOULD GROW  
ON OUR DIGITS!!



YOU HAVE  
NO  
CHOICE...



...YOU WILL SUBMIT,  
OR DIE!! ANY  
QUESTIONS  
???



YEH...  
WHO'S GONNA  
MAKE ME?



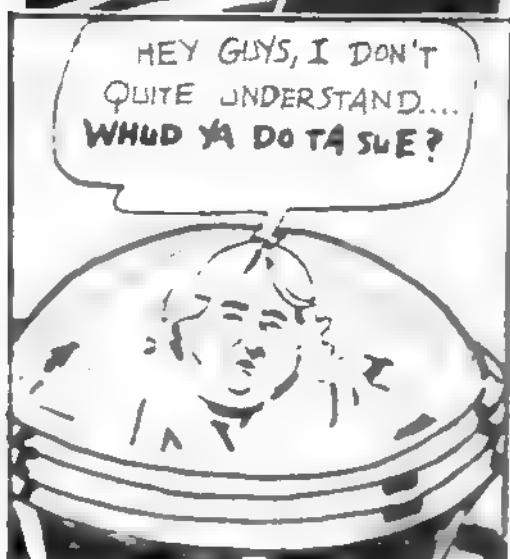
WHAT DOES THE MOST  
POWERFUL COMPUTER  
IN THE UNIVERSE  
HAVE TO SAY ABOUT  
THAT?

All eyes turn to the  
Laser Pig...

I WANT THE  
FAT ONE  
FIRST!!



The Lady Killers waste no time  
Sue is immediately put out of  
action by a Laser powered Re-  
strainer and Donna Jean is  
placed inside the Laser Pig



HEY GUYS, I DON'T  
QUITE UNDERSTAND...  
WHUD YA DO TA SUE?



OH WOW!!  
HEY...WAIT AH  
MINUTE...WHAT  
IN THE....



Within two minutes it's over. Donna Jean becomes another helpless victim descending into the entrails of a hungry computer



Donna Jean is finished, and as the Alien craft rounds the moon and heads for outer space it looks like it is the end of the line for Sue also



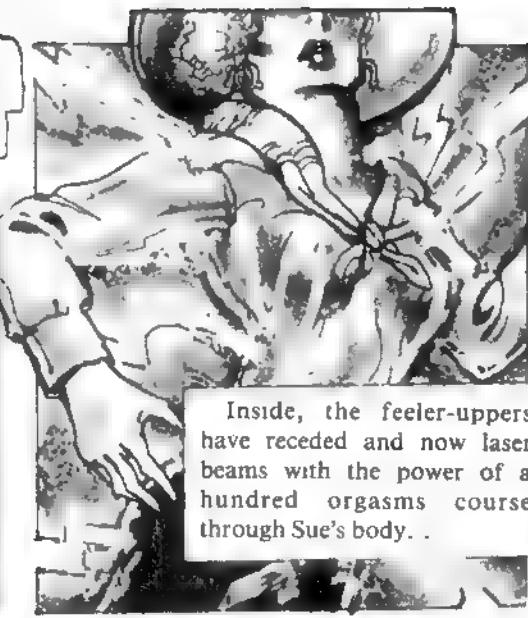
The Laser Pig gladly obliges. Laser-powered feeler-uppers begin their obscene stroking...

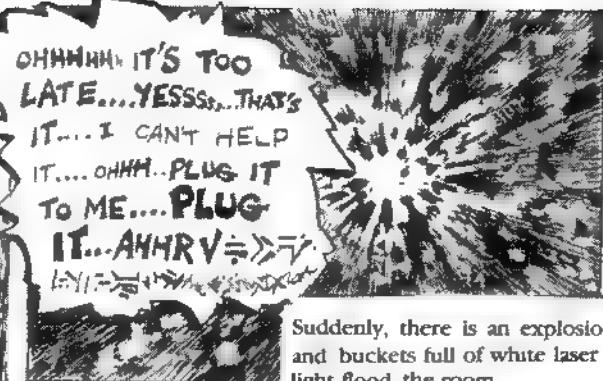
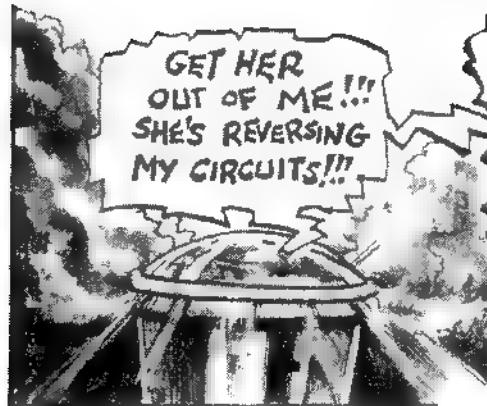


WELL WELL LADY  
MOMA DON'T YOU SAYING  
TOO MUCH NOW HA HA!!  
COMPUTER GOT  
YOUR TONGUE!!  
HA HA HA HA HA!!

Is this the end of Sue as we  
know her, or does she have the last word?...







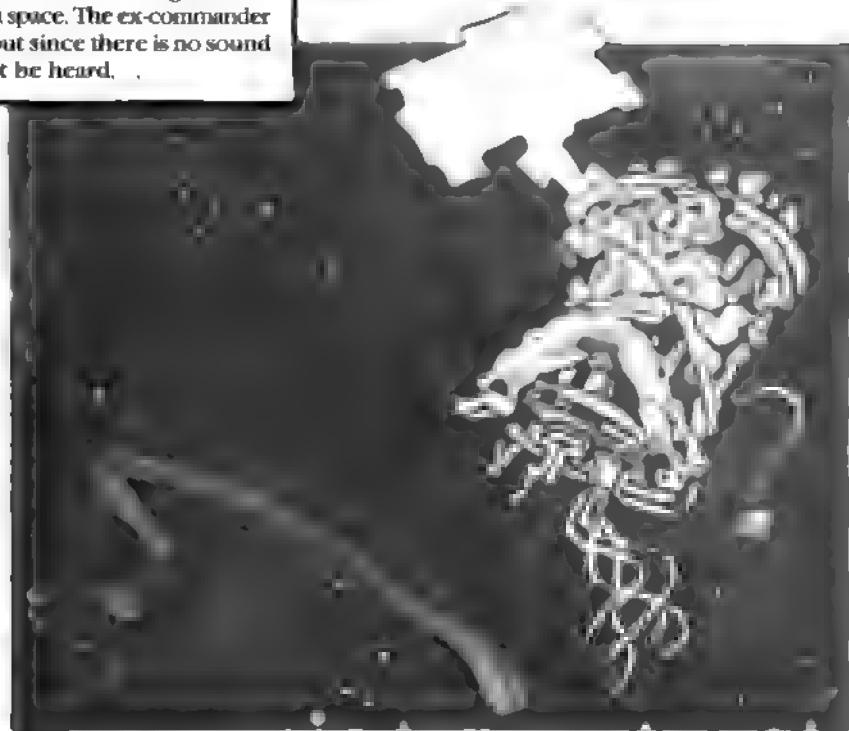
Suddenly, there is an explosion and buckets full of white laser light flood the room.





With his pants down, it becomes very clear why Captain Lady Killer needs the Laser Pig. One of the Nuteroids explains to Sue that the Captain had his parawads shot off in the second Milky Way War and built the powerful Pig computer as his alter ego. For many light months Captain Lady Killer and his enslaved crew of Nuteroids had roamed the western universe scoring on women of every persuasion, hair arrangement and skirt length. Now on a puny little planet called Earth they have met their match.

With the help of a Nuteroid mechanic and a Laser powered socket set Donna Jean is retrieved from the intestines of the woman eating computer. Then, the short little aliens strap the Captain to the Laser Pig and cut them both loose in space. The ex-commander yells something but since there is no sound in space it cannot be heard.



As the liberated Nuteroids chauffeur their liberators back to Earth, the girls teach the aliens how to Country Swing. Some of the aliens catch on quick and in no time are doing cross-hand turns. Others are nerds and couldn't dance their way out of a laser bag.



FIND OUT WHO  
IS MERLE HAGGARD  
AND ACTIVATE  
THE BACKUP LASER  
RETRIEVER!



Meanwhile, at that very moment in a recording studio in Southern California. .



When the Aliens order out for something they don't fool around. Within five seconds Sue's request is aboard the Earth bound craft

OH SUE LUK, IT'S TH  
**HAG!**

THEY REALLY GOT  
HIM... JUST LAK  
THEY GOT TH  
BEER!!!

SO THIS IS  
WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE A MAN  
ON EARTH

The rapid trip from Earth is Hell  
on Mr Haggard's clothes, but a Laser  
powered comb straightens Merle's  
hair and Laser beams iron his pants  
and shirt.

AS THU REQUESTED  
EAR'- WOMEN. NOW  
CAN WE DANCE?

WE'LL  
DANCE, BUT FIRST  
I NEED TO TALK  
TO MERLE ABOUT  
HIS MUSIC...

YER  
SINGIN TURNS  
ME ONN!!

WE DON TAKE  
OUR TRIPS  
... LSD

The Mag sings his greatest hits and with the alien spacesuit on automatic Laser pilot the Notebooks roll back the Laser rug and kick out the Laser jams

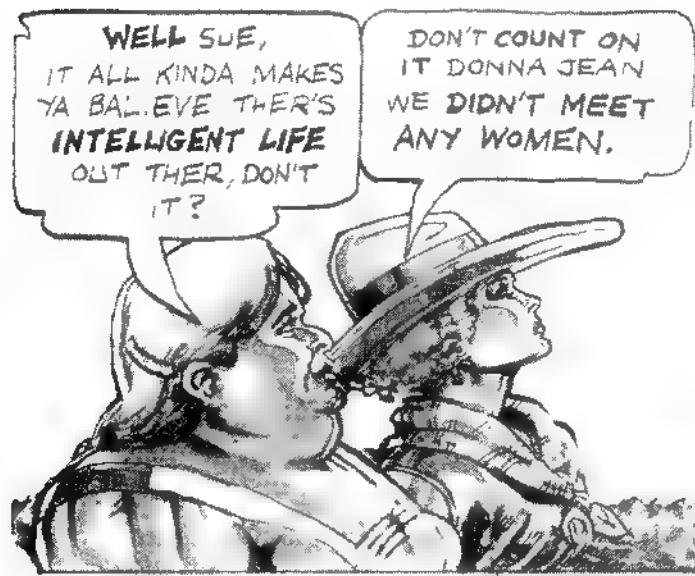
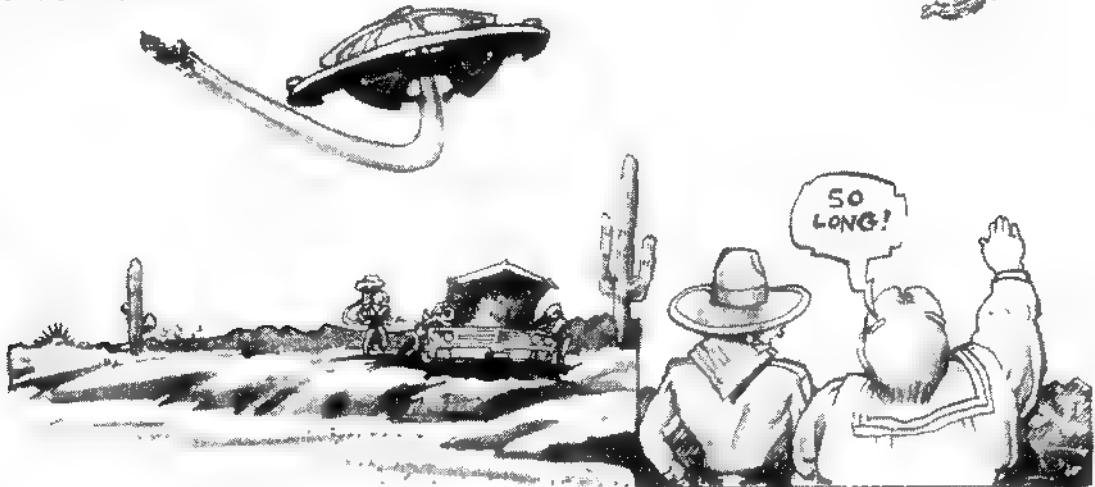


... Laser rockets guide the craft back into the Earth's atmosphere and on a bullseye course with the Sonoran desert



... As the Alien craft hovers silently, Merle is placed in the Laser retriever and sent back to the coast, while the Nuteroid mechanics give Sue's Cadillac a valve-job and a new primer gray paint job ...

... and then, as quickly as they appeared, they are gone .



THE END

# THE SHIRT



JIMI GIANNATTI PHOTOGRAPHY

*See order blank on page 71*

# Honkytonk Sue

## PART TWO

Sue battles the dreaded California lifestyle and a woman known as....

*Deco-dent*  
**Deva**



It's round-up time at the Bar-L ranch, and the neighbors are invited to shake a leg ...

Outside, all the talk is about the recent sale of the Odler ranch

YEH, SOME  
WOMAN FRON'  
CALIFORNIA  
BOUGHT IT FOR  
\$3 MILLION!

AND AH  
HERD SHE  
PAID CASH  
FER TH'  
WHOLE  
SPREAD!

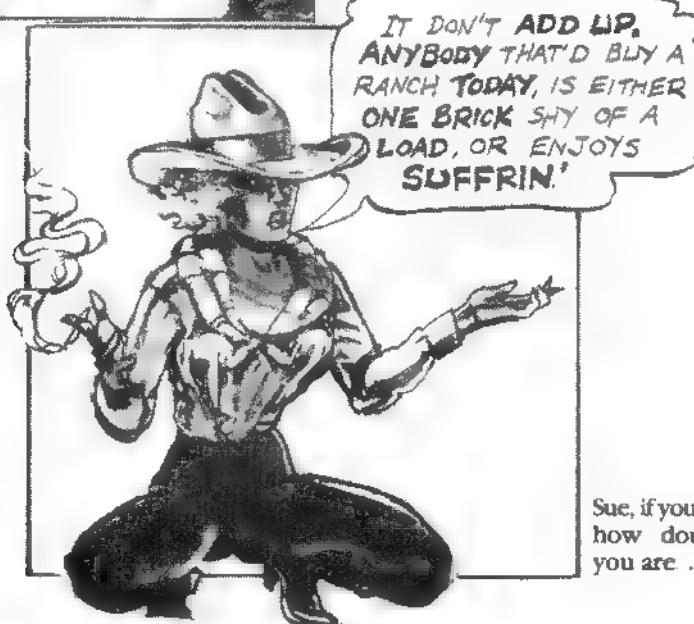
HELL,  
THET RANCH  
AIN'T WORTH  
3 BEAN  
BURROS!

AN TA  
BOOT, SHE  
HAS ONE  
AH TH STRANGEST  
NAMES I EVR  
HEARD AH

Meanwhile, 368 miles to the west, a party with a little different guest list is in full swing ...



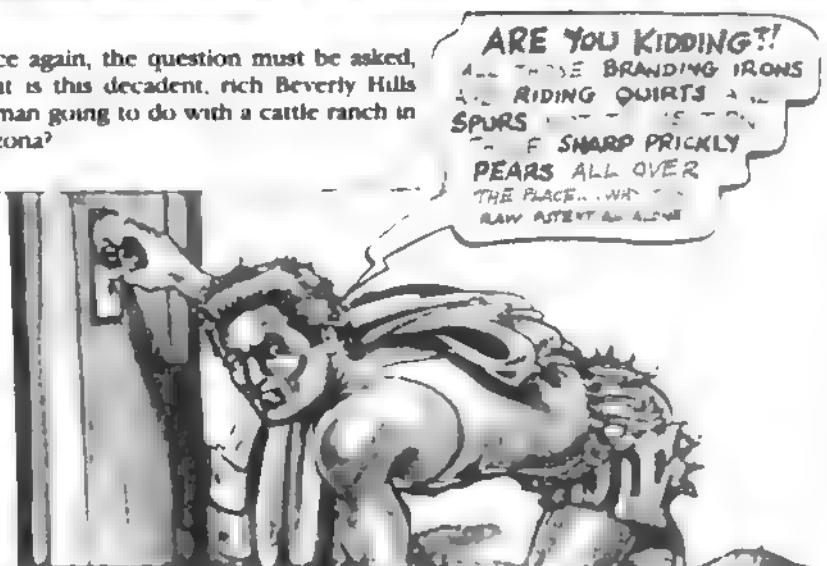
What does Deva Dikester, the owner of three record companies, want with a cattle ranch in Arizona?



Sue, if you only knew how doubly right you are ...

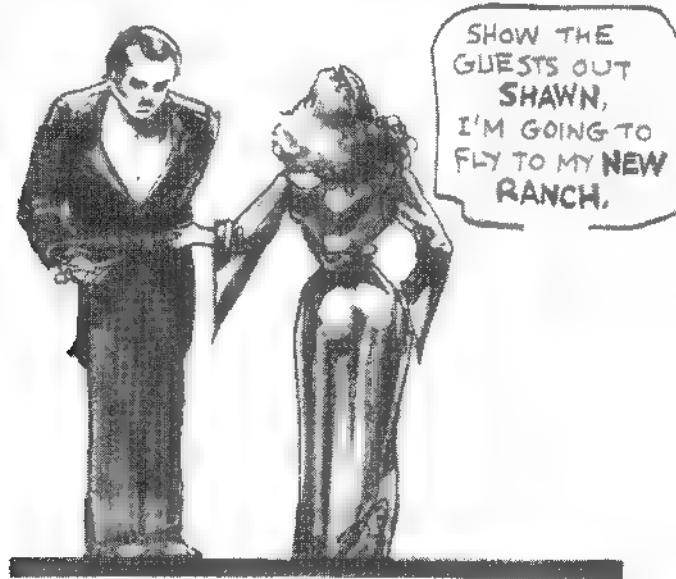


Once again, the question must be asked, what is this decadent, rich Beverly Hills woman going to do with a cattle ranch in Arizona?



Huge semis running with their lights off in the dead of night continue to frequent the old Odler ranch.





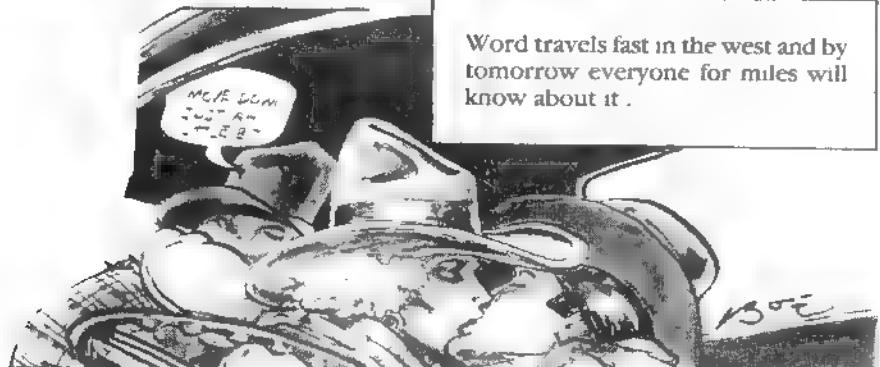
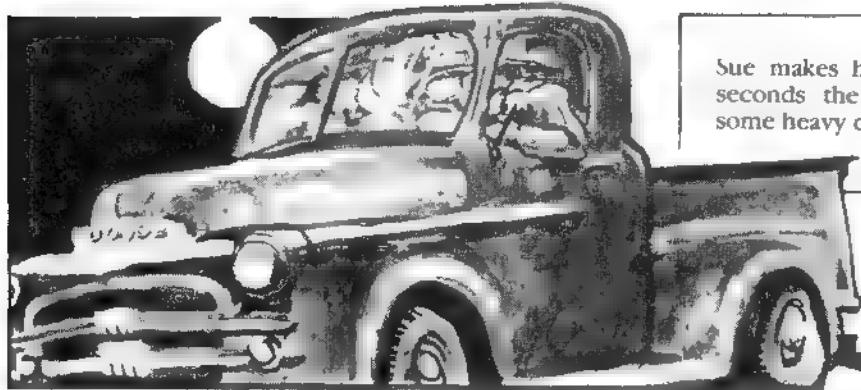
Meanwhile back at the dance, Sue gets a clue in the middle of "Heartaches by the Number."

On the sidelines, two strangers seem to be scheming up some "heartache" of their own . . .





To make a long story one scene shorter, Sue and Donna Jean join the Odler ranch hands for a ride in their 52' Dodge pickup....



of course most people will have a field day with the facts...

a few will be pragmatic about the whole affair

WELL, TH' WAY I HERO IT, ONE O' THEM GALS ENDED UP ON TH' GEARSHIFT KNOB - DIDN'T SHE?

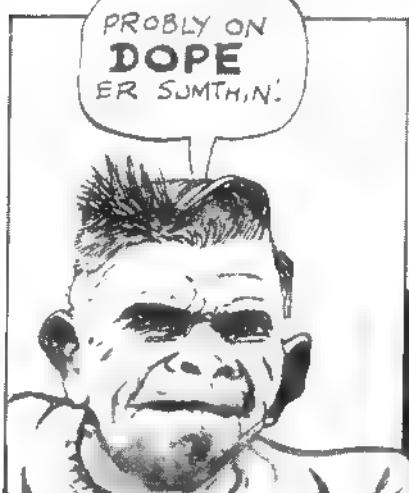


AH WAS PLUMB BORN SIXTY-FAV DAMN YEARS TOO SOON!!



and others will get scientific

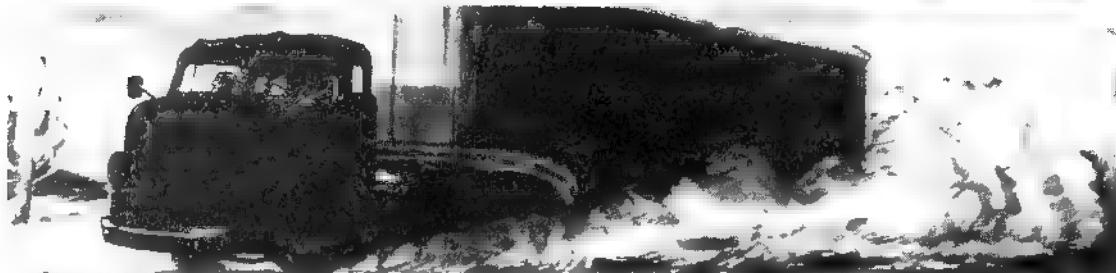
PROBABLY ON  
DOPE  
ER SUMTHIN'.



Meanwhile, at the Odler ranch...

SCUMBAG  
ARE YOU SURE  
NO ONE SAW  
US ARRIVE?

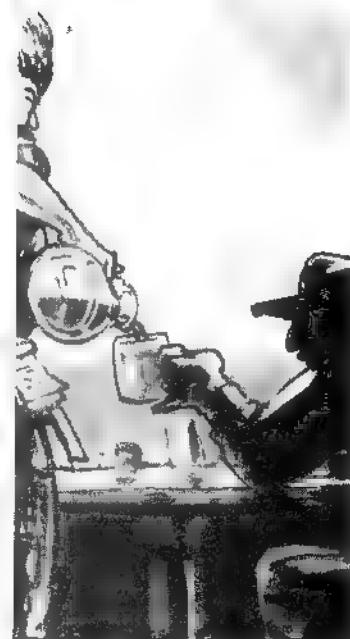
YES DEVA.  
THE ONLY PERSON  
WHO COULD POSSIBLY  
GIVE US ANY  
PROBLEMS, HAS  
BEEN TAKEN  
CARE OF.



Sue and Donna Jean had a wild time with the Odler ranch hands, but the next morning, over eggs, hashbrowns and coffee, Sue has something on her mind...



EXACTLY, TANAGHT,  
YOU AN ME ARE  
GONNA PAY A LITTLE  
VISIT TO THIS  
ODLER RANCH.



WHAT DYA'  
MAKE OF  
IT SUE?

I'M NOT  
SURE BUT I  
SMELL A BIG  
RAT!

Staked out on a hill overlooking the Odler ranch, Sue and Donna Jean are shocked to see a military cargo plane land and taxi to the ranch

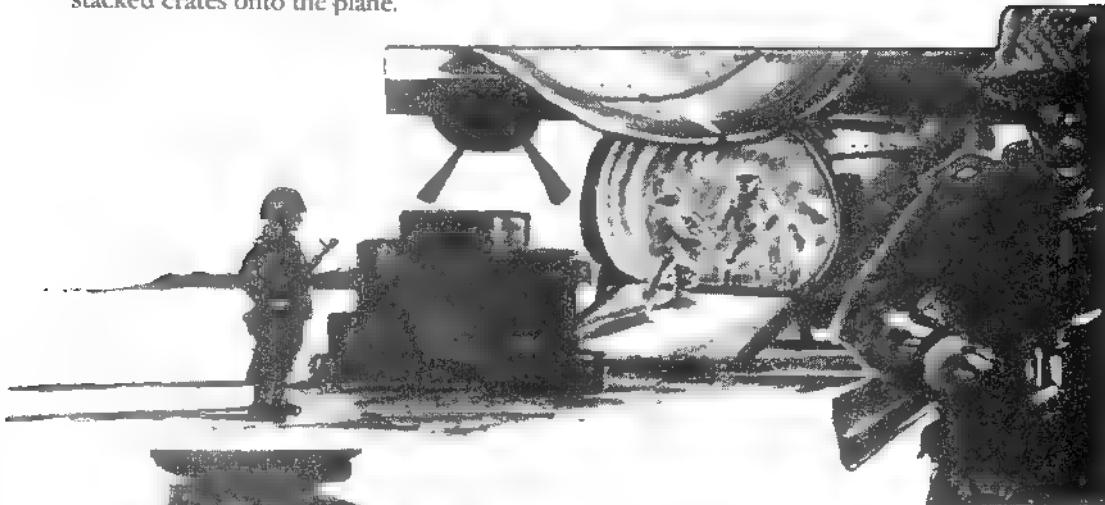


OH GAWD!!  
IT'S NOT ONE  
OF THOSE BIG  
HAIRY ONES  
W/ THE GUNKY  
TEETH IS IT?

EASY, DONNA  
JEAN, EASY. NOT  
A REAL RAT.



Soldiers with automatic weapons set up a tight perimeter as others quickly load stacked crates onto the plane.



Just what is in the mysterious crates?  
Is it what Deva has been shipping  
into Arizona by the truckloads?



THOSE SOLDIERS  
WITH MACHINE GUNS  
LUK MAGHTY SERIOUS  
COME ON DONNA JEAN.  
LET'S GET A CLOSER  
LUK A-THE CARGO.

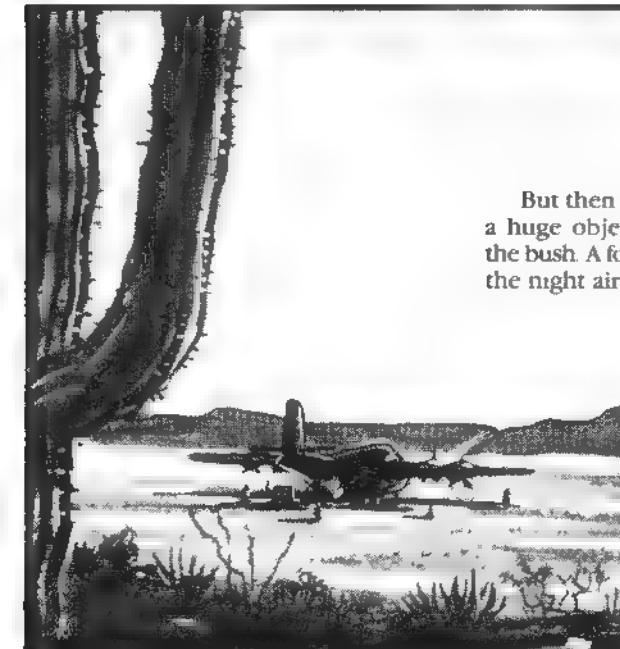
GEE, ALL  
OF A SUOEN  
AMY KANDA HUNGRY.  
WANT ANYTHING  
FROM BRAZIL?





HEY, WAIT, SERIOUSLY,  
I THINK I BROKE  
MA ANKLE!!

COME ON  
DONNA JEAN  
WE GOTTA SEE WHAT'S  
IN THOSE CRATES!



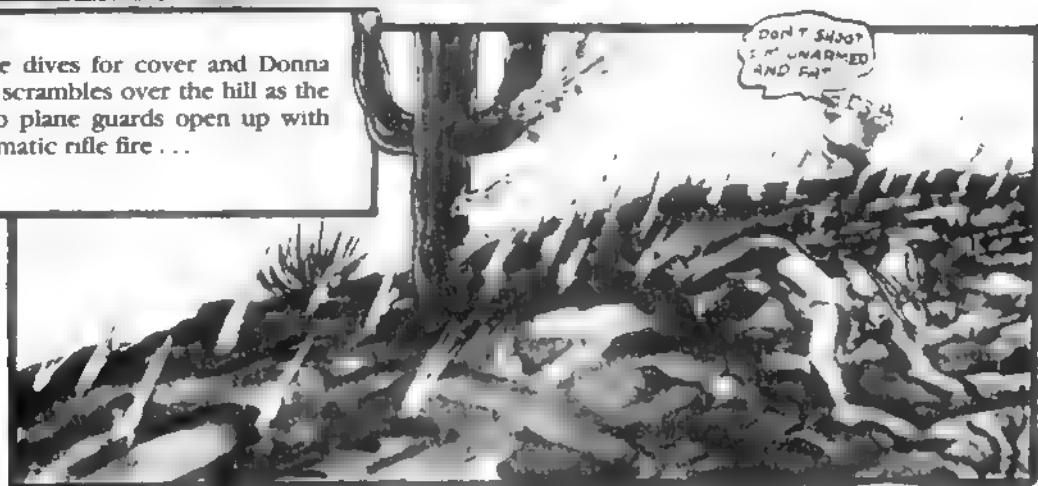
But then one of the guards spots  
a huge object blundering through  
the bush. A foreign yell splits through  
the night air



英夷者!!!



Sue dives for cover and Donna Jean scrambles over the hill as the cargo plane guards open up with automatic rifle fire . . .

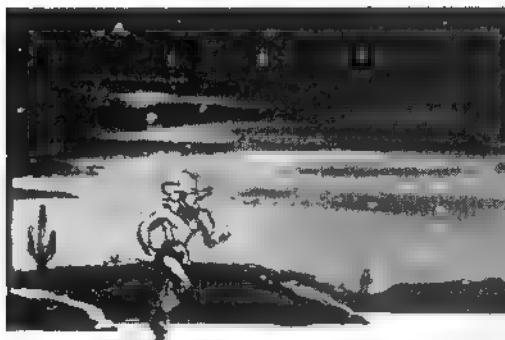


. . . seconds later, the guards retreat and the huge plane makes a quick takeoff into the night . . .

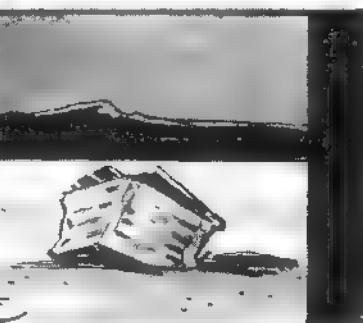


Sue spots an object left behind in the hasty retreat





Sprinting towards the mysterious crate, she doesn't notice the dark shadow approaching from behind....



BOE



Captured. Sue has been taken prisoner by the decadent Deva Dikester just when it looked like she might be on to something.





HAVE IT YOUR WAY.  
SCUMBAG, BRING ME  
SOME 'LUDES, THE SATIN  
STRAPS AND MY WHIP.



Now Deva and her  
thugs are trying to make  
Sue take Qualudes.

SHE'S  
GOTTEM  
UNDER HER  
TONGUE!!

SWALLOW THE  
PILLS, OR  
SWALLOW  
BULLETS  
SWEETIE.



IT'S THE SAME DRUG ROMAN  
POLANSKI GAVE TO A HOLLYWOOD  
SIXTH GRADER WHO IMMEDIATELY  
TURNED INTO A THIRTEEN YEAR  
O-D NYMPHO-MANIAC.



LATER, AT THE SICK-BAY  
RAPE TRAILER MOTHER  
TRIED TO - BARRACUDA  
AND HER LAWYER BILL  
- IN A MERCEDES. AS YOU  
CAN SEE IT IS - VERY  
POWERFUL CAR

YER SO SICK  
YER BRAIN'S GOT  
THE DRY HEAVES

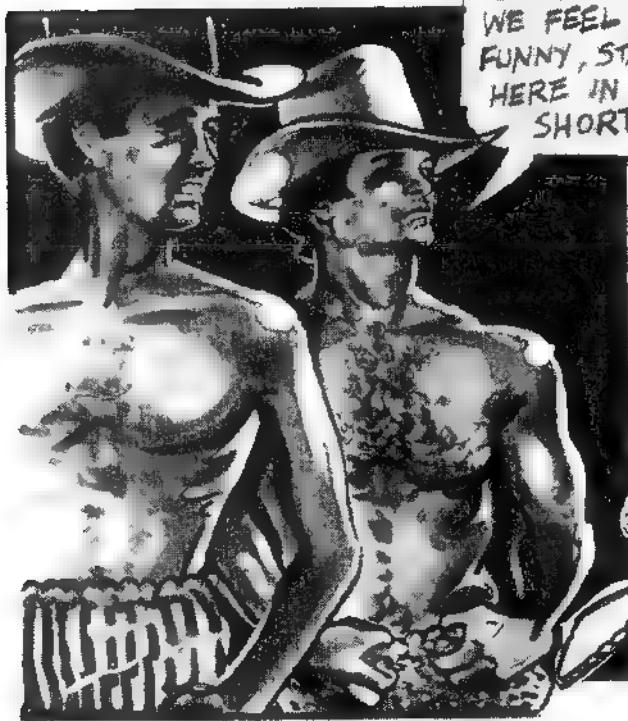


TAKE HER  
TO THE  
"EXERCISE"  
ROOM.



Scattered around the Odler ranch are thousands of crates like the one Sue saw. But unfortunately, Sue doesn't seem to be in a very good position to do anything about it.





GEE, MISS DEVA  
WE FEEL KINDA  
FUNNY, STANDIN'  
HERE IN OUR  
SHORTS.

YOU LET ME  
DECIDE THAT.  
COME ON IN  
BOYS.



SINCE YOU TWO ARE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR  
VISITOR I EXPECT YOU  
TO ENTERTAIN HER  
GET THE  
PICTURE?

YES WE  
SEE.





READY, I guess! Deva prods the cowboys into a lewd mood and then turns them loose...one of them feels slightly guilty about the whole arrangement, but . . .





The governor gets on the horn and calls a Red Alert.....



SIR, WITH ALL DUE  
RESPECT TO YOU AND  
THE OFFICE YOU LICKED  
INTO, WE WILL NOT  
PARTICIPATE IF THE  
D.P.S. IS GOING TO  
BE THERE...

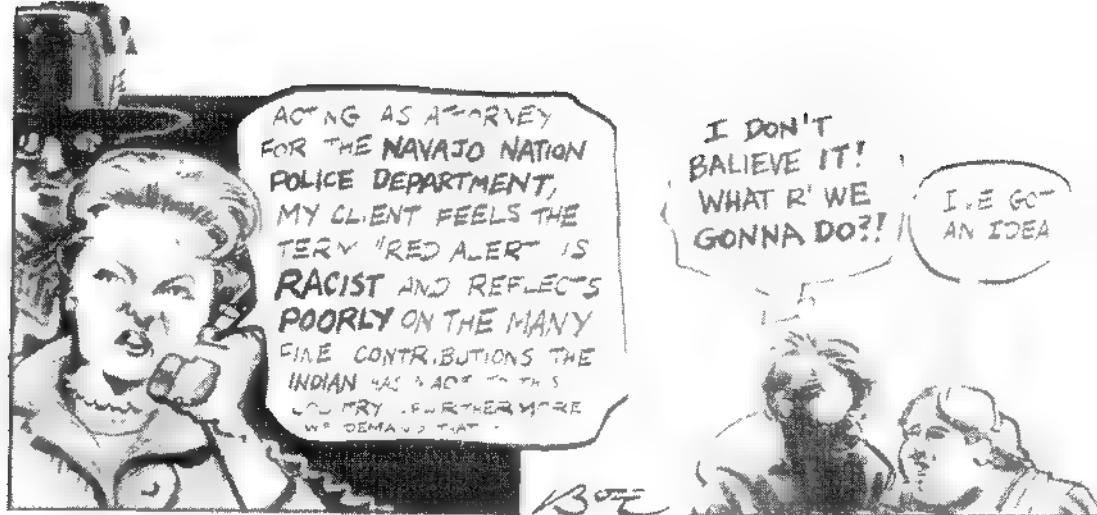


BRUCE WHO?... OH  
YEH... THAT LITTLE TWERP  
JOGGER... TELL HIM I'M  
IN A CONFERENCE.



GOWNER, I'D LAK TA  
HELP YA BUT ALL MY  
MEN ARE GLARDING  
A 65 YEAR OLD  
MARIJUANA  
OFFENDER.





ACTING AS ATTORNEY  
FOR THE NAVAJO NATION  
POLICE DEPARTMENT,  
MY CLIENT FEELS THE  
TERMINAL 'RED ALERT' IS  
**RACIST** AND REFLECTS  
**POORLY** ON THE MANY  
FINE CONTRIBUTIONS THE  
INDIAN HAS MADE TO THIS  
COUNTRY. FURTHERMORE  
WE DEMAND THAT . . .

I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
WHAT R' WE  
GONNA DO?!

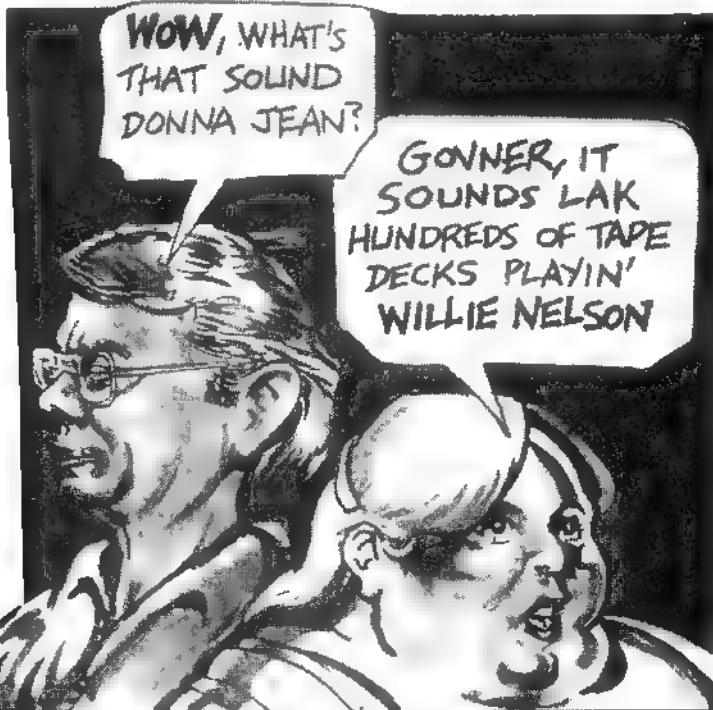
I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA

Well, you'd better hurry Donna Jean, because Sue is acting more and more like someone from Sunset Blvd.!!!



The governor comes up with a handful of air with his Red Alert but Donna Jean has an idea: A Red Neck Alert!

HEY GLD BUDDIES,  
IF THER'S ANY BODY OUT  
THERE, WANTS TO STOMP ON  
SLIM CALIFORNIA  
DEGENERATES, CUM  
ON DOWN TO TH' STATE  
CAPITAL.



Thousands, Donna Jean Thousands of  
Arizonans from all corners of the state who  
are tired of Californians taking our water an  
giving us their nuclear plants. But can this  
four-wheel posse get to the Odler Ranch in  
time to save Sue?



Oh, Sue! How can you  
do this to us!?!

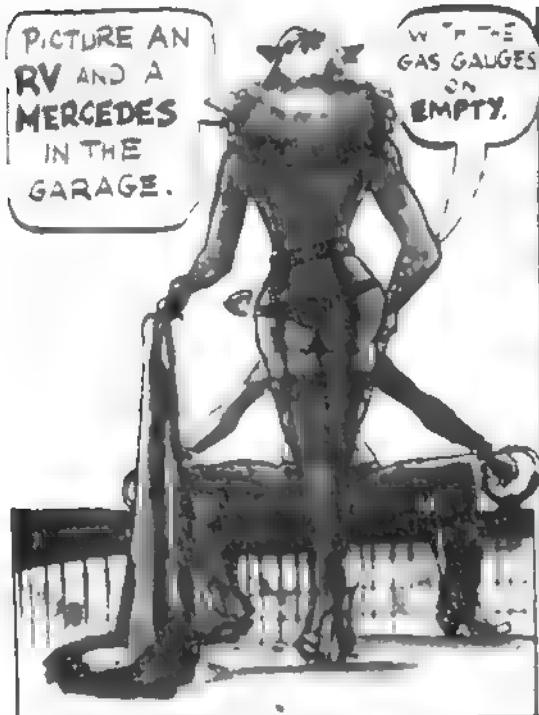


Sue is in deep trouble. Now she is *actually listening* to a Donna Summer record and enjoying it.





They are alone. Sue is literally strapped into a corner and now Deva, in her cold and precise way, is beginning the final manipulation. . . to get Sue to succumb to the Southern California lifestyle. . .



CAN YOU  
SEE IT?

AS CLEAR AS  
AN OIL SLICK  
WOOSH.



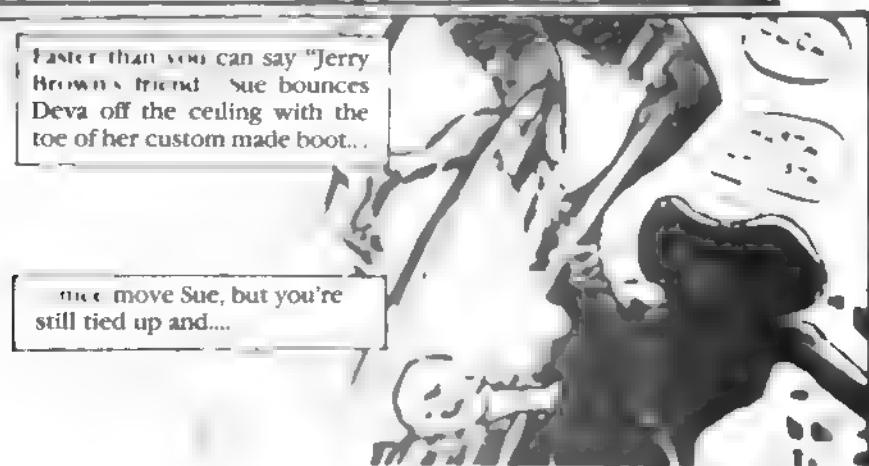
DO YOU  
SEE  
WOOSH?

THAT'S  
RIGHT  
SCUMBAG.



Faster than you can say "Jerry Brown's friend" Sue bounces Deva off the ceiling with the toe of her custom made boot...

Move move Sue, but you're  
still tied up and....



...now Deva is madder  
than a rooster in an  
empty hen house.

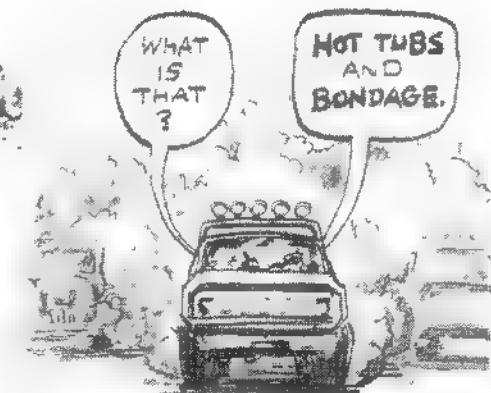
Meanwhile, the four wheel posse,  
with Donna Jean and the Governor in  
the lead truck, streaks across the  
desert towards the Odler ranch.

SO THESE  
WE RDOS  
ARE FROM  
CALIFORNIA  
END

FIGRES

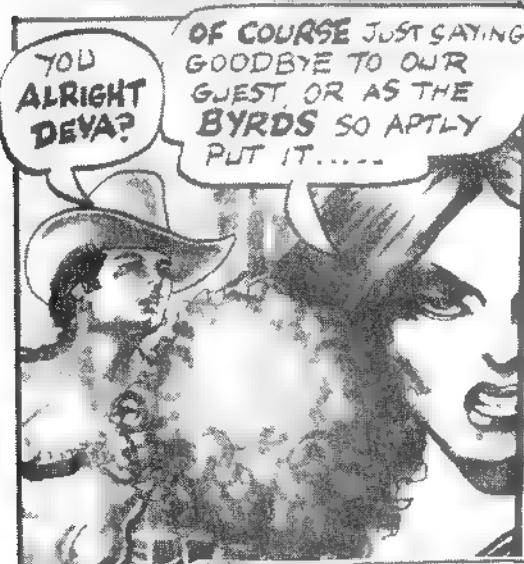


I WU TELL YA FER  
YER LADYFRIENDS SAKE  
I HOPE THEY AINT INTO  
THE LATEST CAL FAD.



—ES  
FIGRES  
FIGRES





Inside, nursing a badly bruised thigh,  
Deva is in a very ugly mood....



A thousand strong and a mile wide, the four wheel posse thunders into the Odler ranch ready to do battle with anything from California...



Deva's matched Mercedes are crushed by the first wave of four wheelers...

The fight is over in seconds. Deva's security squads are rounded up and questioned by the four wheel posse...

O.K. HOW COME  
YOU STEAL  
OUR WATER  
?

YEH, AND  
HOW COME YER  
GOVNER SHACKS UP  
WITH A HIPPI?  
HUUH?



Meanwhile, inside Sue has been saved from certain death by the "hired hands"



At her trial, Deva brought her vast Southern California fortune to bear. She hired Johnny Carson to do the opening monologue...



...other Superstars testified to her standing in the L.A. community, Elvis Costello compared her to Ray Charles. Then, for a big-budget finale, she hired the June Taylor dancers to do their interpretation of "Blind Justice."

It was all very impressive, but the State of Arizona built an air-tight case...

THIS WOMAN,  
DOES NOT OWN  
ONE WILLIE NELSON  
TAPE....OR ALBUM,  
NOT ONE!



After submitting as evidence the fact that Deva did not own one Willie Nelson album or tape, the state rested its case. The judge's decision was swift and brutal...



I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU,  
TO LIVE IN BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA  
IN A HOUSE WITH AN AIRPAD  
COOLER, UNTIL YOU ARE  
DEAD, OR WISH YOU  
WERE.



Deva's California attorneys were stunned. It was the harshest sentence ever handed down in a comic strip.

HEY HICKS!  
WE'LL BE  
BACK....

...AS SOON AS  
WE GET THE  
FILM RIGHTS  
TO THE TRAIL.

HEAV-  
VEEE



Before she was led away,  
Deva swore vengeance

I BLAME  
MONKYTONK SUE  
FOR THIS, AND  
SOMDAY SOON  
SHE'LL PAY!





The trial is over and the Governor takes everyone for a beer to celebrate his new found prison site

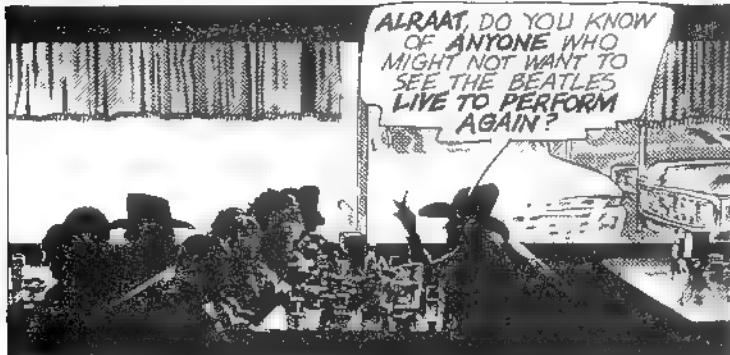
The F.B.I. agents are explaining to Sue how Deva was producing millions of worthless albums and paying off the record chart people to "insure" they were hits on paper, and then shipping them to Arizona to bootleg to foreign governments who want to be "hip," like Americans.





THE END

# Some Exciting Scenes From The Next Issue of Honkytonk Sue.....



The Beatles have been re-united. It's incredible, the man took the same, the same suits he same but he's something a bit different. They don't want the same.

The author of this document is a member of the team. They are the ones I think the expense claim is a complete disaster for the department.



the *Neuroleptic* and *Anticholinergics* in the *Psychotic* and *Depressed* Patient.

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NOW WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE!!  
YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE CALL-  
ING YOUR CREATOR THE "MOST  
MEDIocre LOVER" IN THE  
WORLD!!! I MEAN, REALLY!!!

TAKE IT  
EASY, BUZZ  
I WAS JUST KIDDIN'  
TO ME, I'M SO  
INSECURE WHEN  
I COME TO  
SEX.

He's come a long way since  
he wrote a lame ditty when he was in  
high school. Now he's a radio  
host.



OH YEH? What about *that* night  
after the Homecoming game, up at  
the Black Tank ?? huh? What  
about **THAT**??

TO TELL YOU THE  
TRUTH I HAD  
SO FAST  
I HAD  
TO RAVE THEM  
SOMETHING  
POORLY  
ME, I'M  
TAKE



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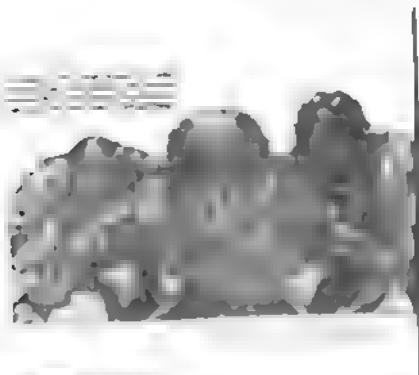
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See order blank on next page

*Honkytonk Sue*

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*Adios  
until next time*





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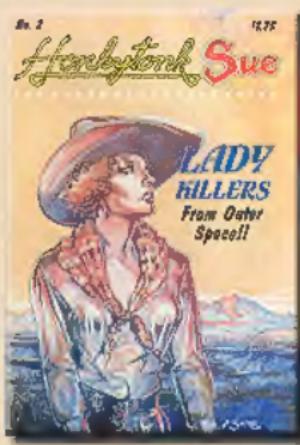


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Published February 1980

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Bob Boze Bell

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Bob Boze Bell - 1, 3-31, 33-69, 70-74(ads)

Jimi Giannatti - 32(ph)

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